MESSAGES
FROM
THE MASTER

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Messages from the Master:

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

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"Teach Thou Me."

GIVE me a word, blest Master,
That I may repeat for Thee!
A message to one who needs it,
Intrust it, dear Lord, to me;
And teach me, that I may say
What Thou shalt desire to-day!

MESSAGES FROM THE MASTER.

MESSAGES the Master giveth
Us, His children, day by day,
To be carried to the wanderers
Weary, lost, and far astray.

Far astray, upon the mountains
Of forgetfulness and sin ;
Telling them, the door of Mercy
Stands ajar to let them in.

Gentle words He bids us carry
To the mourners in their grief ;
Sympathising with their sorrow,
Showing where to find relief.

Gentle, too, the words He sendeth
When the Christian's path is bright :—
"Child, keep near Me in the sunshine ;
There are dangers in its light."

Many Messages the Master
Still is wishing carried now ;
Let us, ere we claim the honour,
Low before His footstool bow,

Asking for the Holy Spirit
Just to give the grace we need ;
Then the words with which He trusts us
Surely will be blessed indeed.

A Message to You.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. i. 15.

DEAR friend, I am charged with this message;
God grant it may enter your heart!
You may never before have heard it,
Or heard it, at least, but in part.
You know you are sinful; you feel it;
In this we are one, you and I;
And if nothing were done to save us,
We each should assuredly die.
Yes, if nothing were done; now listen,
For life is fast passing away,
And the joys of eternity rest on
The words I am going to say.
Our sins were all seen by our Saviour,
Many hundreds of years ago;
And oh! the deep sorrow they cost Him
No mortal can perfectly know.
He looked through the past to the present,
And saw us as now we see;
And then He determined to save us—
To save guilty you and me.
So in wonderful love and pity
He died as our substitute then;
Thus now it would be an injustice
If we were to suffer again;
If we only accept the remission
His death gives to all who believe.
Dear friend, are you willing to take it?
Will you that free pardon receive?

Freely and Fully.

FREELY Jesus longs to pardon
You, poor weary-hearted man ;
Freely Jesus died to save you ;
Leave off "doing what you can."

Fully Christ His love extended,
Gave the riches of His grace
Fully ; for Himself He offered
In the guilty sinner's place.

All you need is just to trust Him :
Just believe these words are true—
Jesus died instead of sinners,
Jesus died *instead of you.*

Do not try to earn forgiveness ;
All your deeds are marred by sin ;
Simply take the love He offers ;
Let the waiting Saviour in.

Let Him in ; He standeth knocking !
Give yourself to Him to-day :
He is waiting ; shall He enter ?
Will He, must He, turn away ?

"Come Away."

—Canticles ii. 10.

"In full assurance of faith."—Hebrews x. 22.

Many years hast thou been longing for
a joy, a peace, a rest,
For a more complete assurance
to be formed within thy breast!
Oh! thou weary, weak believer, hear thy
Saviour gently say,—
"Now arise, My love, My fair one, and
directly come away."

Thou art Mine; I claim thee wholly, oh, My
dove, My undefiled!
Why believe the false suggestion, that thou
canst not be My child?
Thou art full of sin by nature, but I see
thee fair and white,
With no spot remaining in thee; thou art
perfect in My sight.*

* Judicially.

I have crossed the Bether mountains, to commune with thee to-day :
Tell Me now the doubts that vex thee: rise, My loved one, come away !
Leave this valley of depression, climb the heights of joy with Me ;
I will lead thee gently upward till the golden gates we see.

All this vale is damp and chilly, and the droppings of the night
Bid us very quickly hasten into everlasting light :
This is surely not the climate where an heir of Heaven should stay ;
And it seems thou canst not trust Me, if thou wilt not come away.

Wilt thou come? The time is passing ; even now the Angel flies
With another hourly record swiftly upward to the skies :
Shall this next still find thee downcast, hardly daring to believe ?
Ah ! thou knowest not, My loved one, how *distrust* Mine heart doth grieve.

Jesus is Saving Me Now.

WEARY one, art thou sore burdened with sin?
Under its load dost thou bow?
Whisper these words to thy spirit within—
"Jesus is saving me now."

Nothing is needed—no works, no display:
Nothing can free grace allow;
Only just trust; then in gratitude say—
"Jesus is saving me now."

Troubled one, treading the pathway of doubt
Right through the depths of the slough,
Pray to have faith to take part in the shout—
"Jesus is saving me now."

Fainting one, fearful of falling again,
Jesus has strength to endow:
Ask Him to help thee to sing the glad strain—
"Jesus is saving me now."

Anxious one, vexed with the worries of time,
Furrows are deep on thy brow:
Smooth them away with this sentence sublime—
"Jesus is saving me now."

Jesus is saving, has saved, and will save;
Low at His feet let us bow;
Comfort no sweeter than this could we have—
"Jesus is saving us now."

The Seeking Saviour.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Revelation iii. 20.

I am seeking a heart; but an *empty* heart,
A heart that is quite alone;
Yes, a heart that is wanting a *loving* Friend,
A heart to be all Mine own.

I am seeking a heart; but a *broken* heart,
That is feeling its sin with dread;
For such is the heart I could best wash white
In the blood I for it have shed.

I am seeking a heart; but a *burdened* heart,
That is crushed with its load of care;
For at once to that heart I would bring relief,
And would each of its sorrows share.

I am seeking a heart; but a *humble* heart,
That is willing to learn of Me;
For to such I could whisper the thoughts of God,
And could train for eternity.

I am seeking a heart; reader, bring Me thine.
I will take it with joy to-day;
But give it Me now, or to-morrow perchance
I shall turn from thy door away.

A Word to the Weary.

MOURNER, whose tears are falling
So fast on the cheerless sod,
Who feelest the world is empty,
Ay, almost without a God;
Look up, there is one Friend left,—
Thou art not of Christ bereft.

He feeleth for all thy sorrow,
His heart knoweth all thy grief;
He yearns to afford thee comfort,
To give to His child relief:
Look up, though thine eyes be dim,
And pour out thy woe to Him.

In love He withdrew thy treasure:
I know not the reason why:
Perchance He may tell thee softly,
When none but Himself is nigh;
And then with a sob of peace
Thy bitter distrust may cease.

Hush ! listen, for He is speaking :—
"Be still, My poor child, be still :
I might not have dealt more gently ;
Oh, doubt not My holy will !
The portion is hard to take :
But drink it for My dear sake !

"I once drained a cup of sorrow
To save thee from untold ill ;
My child, wilt thou not then trust Me,
Though thou canst not trace My will ?
Believing that I know best,
Come now unto Me and rest."

"He Calleth Thee."

"Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."—Cant. ii. 13.

RISE! It is Jesus calling:
He is waiting to lead His child,
With a loving hand,
To the Better Land,
Over earthly waste and wild.

Oh, haste! do not idly linger:
For the dews of night descend;
And 'tis bitter woe
To be forced to go
In the dark, without a friend.

With Christ, thou wilt fear no evil:
Though the glories of day grow dim,—
He Himself is Light;
And the path is bright
To the child who walks with Him.

With Him ;—if thy feet should weary
On the road He hath marked for thee,
He will bid thee rest
On His gentle breast,
And will speak so tenderly—

Such words! they will cheer thee onward,
Through the whole of thy course below,
With the thoughts of Home,
And the joys to come,
Which His children all shall know!

And then—but I must not keep thee :
Haste away, into His sweet care :
Perchance we may meet
In the golden street,
When He shall have brought us there!

Trust.

"Trust ye in the Lord for ever."—Isaiah xxvi. 4.

TRUST in the Lord at all times,
Pour out thy heart in prayer;
Trust, for He dealeth gently
With those who trust His care.

Trust, if the call to labour
Sounds for thee loud and clear;
Help will be sent when needed,
Only do thou not fear.

Trust: if thy plans are thwarted,
Quietly stand thou still;
Listen for God's direction,
Patiently wait His will.

Trust, if the Master bids thee
Serve Him in trying ways;
Strength shall be surely given
Equal to all thy days.

Trust, if a cloud of worries
Darken thy path each day;
One at a time they meet thee,—
Trust, and they pass away.

Trust, in each hour of darkness;
Light will appear ere long:
Then, oh, the joy of singing
Faith's hallelujah song!

To an Invalid.

CHRIST's child, now lying on a bed of sickness!
What message shall I give to thee to-day?
What thought shall I suggest, that may bring comfort?
"He knoweth," seems the only word to say.

He knoweth all thy dread about this illness,
Which lies before thee as a fearful dream;
From which thou canst not but recoil with shrinking:
Dear friend, things are not what they often seem.

"He knoweth." Then just trust thy case with Jesus,
Believing that He doeth all things well;
A patient must confide in his physician,
Nor murmur if his ways he doth not tell.

Is pain increasing? ah! but Jesus knoweth,
And stands in pity close beside thy bed;
He now will hear thy feeble cry for patience,
And still the throbbing of thine aching head.

Thou canst not see Him? No; but still He standeth;
Just talk to Him in loving, childlike faith:
"Lo, I am with thee," was His special message;
Believe then fully what thy Saviour saith.

"I *am*;" take in the meaning in its fulness,
With all the comfort that the words convey:
"I am" can never be but always present;
Then Christ must be beside thee now,—to-day.

Does sin oppress thee? Surely 'tis thy weakness
Which makes thee dread a debt *already paid*,
Which brings that terror of the midnight watches:
Thy guilt is cancelled; why then be afraid?

Lie now and rest, within "the arms of Jesus;"
Tell Him thine every feeling, doubt, and care:
He knoweth all; but yet He loves to hear them,
For only then can He thy burden share.

Cheering Words.

"My God shall supply all your need."—PHILIPPIANS iv. 19.

DEAR friend, I know not what you need
exactly:
But *this* I know—my God will listen
now,
In tender sympathy and deep compassion,
If in your trouble you before Him bow.

You need submission? Hath His love
afflicted?
And do His ways seem hard to under-
stand?
Then ask for grace to say, amid the dark-
ness,—
"My Father, though Thou smitest, hold
my hand."

Or is it strength you need? Are you exhausted
With weary watching, or with sorrow's pain?
Oh! whisper this to Him, the God of comfort,
And He will willingly His child sustain.

Or do you need direction on life's journey?
The way you have to tread, to be made clear?
Now tell Him so, and He will gently lead you,
Just step by step, through each successive year.

You cannot ask too much. Then, friend, I leave you
In God's own loving care, with perfect rest;
For well I know, for Jesus' sake He loveth
To give His children all His *very best.*

Taken.

"God took him."—GENESIS v. 24.

"TAKEN"—our boy is taken
From earthly honour here,
By a loving hand,
To a holier band,
And a nobler, wider sphere.

"Taken"—we could not *give* him;
We tried to hold him fast!
But it might not be,
Then in agony
We were forced to yield at last.

"Taken"—we do not murmur,
We now can kiss the rod;
We have found it sweet
At the Saviour's feet
To behold the love of God.

"Taken"—ah, yes! God took him
To His own bright home of joy;
And our spirits yearn,
As they homeward turn,
To behold again our boy.

"Taken"—but soon in glory
We all shall meet once more,
And together raise
Glad songs of praise,
And our Father's love adore!

No Tears There.

MOURNER! now weeping in darkness and pain,
Just list to the music of these words again:—
"All tears from all faces will God wipe away,
No sorrow shall cloud that perfection of day."

Thou canst not help weeping: ay, Jesus wept too: [light through;
Yet though thine eyes fill, try to see the
'Twill comfort and cheer thee to think of the time [sublime.
When trouble shall cease in that region

How sweet it will be there to welcome once more [on before!
Those friends who in Jesus have passed
This life will soon end as a tale that is told,
And then we shall join those who loved us of old.

And will not the gladness of meeting atone
For having been left for a short time alone?
Alone did I say? ah, no; Jesus is nigh;
He counteth each tear, and regardeth each sigh.

Just pour out thy heart to thy Saviour in prayer; [share;
Thy trouble He now standeth waiting to
Then help others also to tell thee their grief,
And comforting them will soon bring thee relief.

Heart Troubles.

Jesus, I long for rest ;
My hands and feet are weary :
May I now go home ?

Child, were it right, or best,
At once with tender accents
I would bid thee come.

Jesus, then if I stay
In this dark world of trouble,
Will Thou bide with me ?

My child, yes, every day,
If only thou wilt ask Me,
I will stay with thee.

Jesus, I often cry
And yearn to feel Thy presence ;
Yet it all seems night.

Poor child! I'm always nigh;
And thou in faith must trust Me
When thou hast no light.

Jesus, yet one more word!—
If I could feel I love Thee,
It would help me so.

Dear child, I am the Lord;
I know thine earnest longing,
And thy love *shall grow.*

O Lord, that word fulfil!
Yet teach me to be humble,
And to trust *Thy* love.

My child, I will, I will;
And soon I'll gently call thee
To My home above.

Lo, I am With Thee Always.

LEANING on this word of Jesus,
We are passing day by day;
Wheresoever we are guided,
Christ is with us all the way.

When we tread the path of sorrow,
And each step is hard to take;
Tenderly our Lord reminds us
Of His suffering for our sake.

Sometimes mists of doubt and worry
Make the way seem doubly drear,
Till Christ's hand uplifts the curtain;
Then we see that He is near.

When we strive to pierce the future
With our dim, short-sighted eyes,
And imagine coming troubles
Of a most gigantic size;

Then the Friend who never leaves us
Quietly suggests it best
We should think of present *mercies*,
Leaving to His care the rest.

Thus we will, O blessed Saviour!
Only give us grace to lean
On Thine ever watchful presence,
Through life's fitful, changing scene.

Whatever is, is Best.

IN wise proportion doth a fond Hand mingle
The sweet and bitter in our life-cup here ;
Each drop of either is, by Love Eternal,
Poured forth in wisdom for His children dear.

The loving Father, as a wise Physician,
Knows what the wants of all those children are ;
Knows which is needed most,—the joy, or sorrow ;
The peace of comfort, or affliction's war.

Then, should the bitter be our daily portion,
So that we cannot any sweet discern,
Let us, in childlike faith, receive with meekness
The needed tonic, and its lesson learn.

And if we cannot even that decipher,
Let us be still ; nay, thank Him for His care :
Contented that we soon shall know,—hereafter,
When we the fulness of His presence share.

The Walk of Faith.

My child, I send thee far upon a journey,
A journey very desolate and lone:
Go forth, believing, though thou canst not see Me,
That I am watching, and will guard *Mine own.*

Father, it seems so very dark and stormy;
The clouds are gathering thickly in the sky:
I dare not venture out into the darkness,
Unless Thou'lt promise I shall *see* Thee nigh.

My child, how is it that thou canst not trust Me?
Have I not kept thee all the days of old?
Have I not loved thee when thine heart was failing,
At times when other hearts proved false and cold?

Father, I know it all, and own my weakness:
But oh! I long to *feel* Thee at my side;
To clearly see Thee, 'mid the gloomy darkness;
Then should I never fear my feet would slide.

My child, if thou beheld'st My actual presence,
Thy walk would merely be a walk of sight;
'Tis nobler far to venture forth, believing
That, as I send thee, everything is right.

Father, I go; fulfil in me Thy pleasure!
Do what Thou wilt; but give me faith to know
That all things for my good shall work together,
Though tempests rage around, and fierce winds blow.

My child, I will; and often 'mid the darkness
Thou'lt hear the accents of a still small voice,
Saying, in tones of gentlest consolation,—
"Lo! I am with thee; trust Me, and rejoice."

Think of the End.

BELIEVER in Jesus! do troubles surround thee?
Do worries and care now encompass thy way?
Have loved ones, who willingly once would have shared them,
Been called to the land that is "fairer than day?"

Do echoes of joys that have long since departed
Return to thy soul in the still twilight hour?
Or tones of a voice thou didst love in thy childhood,
Steal gently, and whisper with heart-breaking power?

God's messengers all, sent to draw thee to Heaven;
To make thee remember the glory in store:
To bid thee rejoice, as a child of the kingdom,
To think of the end, and to sorrow no more.

Ay, think of the end, wearied, troubled believer!
The end will make up for the way thou hast trod;
The end will be *home*, with thy Saviour and dear ones;
The end will be rest, with thy Father and God!

Why are We Troubled?

ARE we right to be desponding on our way,
And to chafe against the worries of each day?
To rebel, with restless spirit, at our lot—
Is this right, if we are Christians? *Surely not.*
If we only just could simply understand
That our life is safe with Jesus—in His hand,
And would tell to Him in secret every care,
And would take to Him each trouble hard to bear;
And, when pressed with sore temptation, would depend
Upon Him, our tried, and ever faithful Friend,—
Then the peace He left His people long ago
Would be ours, in storm or sunshine, weal or woe.

Nearly Home.

I AM growing very weary
As the years fly on apace;
For I'm longing, sorely longing,
For a sight of Jesu's face.

I have been a long, long journey
Over mountain, plain, and moor:
Now I think that very nearly
All my travelling days are o'er.

Yet, on tracing all the pathway
Over which my feet have trod,
I've a thousand, thousand reasons
To sing praises to my God.

When the road was steep and rugged,
And I dared not walk alone,
Then He whispered words of comfort
Till the dreary way was done.

When I fell, through careless walking,
Then He heard me when I cried;
And I now can see He drew me
All the closer to His side.

I have passed through many troubles
And through worries great and small;
Ay, and often things I dreaded
Never came to pass at all!

Therefore, though my feet are weary,
Yet my *heart* is full of rest;
For I know whatever happens
Will be ordered for the best.

Speak for Jesus.

SPEAK *earnest words* for Jesus,
For time is rushing on,
And soon both taught and teacher
Must evermore be gone.

Speak *simple words* for Jesus,
Which all may understand;
Give liberally the manna
Intrusted to your hand.

Speak *Gospel words* for Jesus,
Tell how for us He died,
How each may have salvation
Since Christ was crucified.

Speak *loving words* for Jesus,
For love may strike a chord
Whose harmonies will vibrate
In music for the Lord.

Speak *happy words* for Jesus ;
Explain what He can do
To make such rifts in sorrow
That sunlight must stream through.

Speak *whispered words* for Jesus
To some poor timid soul
Who hardly dares acknowledge
Her wish to be made whole.

Speak *patient words* for Jesus
To those who long have erred,
You do not know how rarely
They hear a patient word.

Speak *parting words* for Jesus,
In solemn, tender tone ;
Your hearers next may meet you
Before the great white Throne.

Why are Ye Idle?

OFTEN we hear, amid the throng around us,
Such words as these, in accents sad and low:—
"Others are useful, and are working bravely,
Yet I do nothing; why should it be so?"

Ah, why indeed? It may be, thou art seeking
For something great to do, beyond thy sphere;
To preach, perhaps, in some remoter region:
And yet thou carest not for sinners near.

Are they too near? Then, very much I fear me
The love of Christ is not thy motive spring:
Glory is bright, and earthly praise entrancing:
Oh, try thyself, my friend, about this thing!

Another says, "If I could speak to thousands,
And chain a multitude by thrilling tones,
How earnest would I be! how self-denying!"—
But what about Christ's very little ones?

Each has a soul, the worth of which is priceless;
Hast thou begun by preaching Christ to [these?
Are they too low? Must other lips address them,
Whilst thou art dreaming on thy couch [of ease?
Then rest assured, with thee there's something wanting,—
Thy love is dead, thy service therefore cold;
Oh, pray that Jesus' beams may shine within thee,
Restoring life, as in the days of old!
Still one may say, "Not even to the children
Could I make known the tidings that I would:
Others are able to confess Christ boldly,
But I am silent, and can do no good."
"No good!" Oh yes, indeed thou canst be useful
By doing little things for Jesus' sake:
We all have gifts, but differently divided,
And some are called to give, and some to take.
We learn in many ways the self-same lesson;
Christ may not mean that thou should'st teach in words,
Yet let thy life confess, and men will read it,
And know full surely that thou art the Lord's.

Can I Bring God Nothing?

H! can I bring God nothing,
After a life of sin?
Nothing to make Him gracious,
Nothing His love to win?
No, friend, no.

If I cry long and sorely,
Bathing my couch with tears,
Will not those tears be water
Cleansing the guilt of years?
No, friend, no.

Can I do no great action?
Say, shall I help the poor?
Give to the Lord my substance,
Empty my garnered store?
No, friend, no.

If I deny self daily,
Setting my conduct right,
Will not such deep abasement
Raise me in Heaven's sight?
No, friend, no.

CAN I BRING GOD NOTHING?

Oh! can I then do nothing?
Must I just stay quite still,
Feeling myself a sinner,
Waiting a just God's will?
No, friend, no.

Trust yourself now to Jesus,
Jesus, who died for you;
Lift up your heart in secret,
Ask Him to help you through.

Tell Him you can give nothing;
Nothing but sin you have;
Ask Him to love you freely,
Freely by grace to save.

Knowing then He has saved you,
Will you not love to give
All, yes, your whole to Jesus,
Long as on earth you live?

Seed-Time.

WE are sowing, ever sowing,
Something good or something ill;
In the lives of those around us
We are planting what we will.

Not a word we say falls fruitless,
Not a deed we do decays;
Every thought, and word, and action
Will be found in future days,

When perhaps the hand that sowed them
Shall itself have ceased to be,
Still the record of their being
Will live on eternally.

Grant, then, Lord of all the harvest,
That the seeds we daily sow
May refresh the hearts of others,
Spreading blessing as they grow!

May each thought, and word, and action
Be the growth of Christian love,
To be found in coming ages
In Thy garner-house above!

Treasured there, in Thine own keeping,
Just to prove our love was true;
For the motive gives the value
To the meanest thing we do.

What do We Give?

"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts."—MATTHEW ii. 11.

WHAT do we bring for our Lord's acceptance?
What do we give Him for all His care?
Treasures that truly to us are priceless?
Or something we feel that we well can spare?

Will He esteem what we value so lightly,
Even though made of the purest gold?
Rather He will, with a saddened spirit,
Turn from such "gifts," as in days of old.

Surely He could not accept with pleasure
Aught from the heart that withholds its best—
Guarding most closely the things it prizes,
Willing that Jesus should have the rest.

Let us then think what we daily bring Him;—
Moments of time, whilst we waste the hours;
Pence, perhaps, whilst we keep the shillings;
Weeds, instead of the fairest flowers.

Penitent Love, more and more desiring
Something to do for her Saviour's sake,
Bringeth her all, with a trembling spirit,
Happy to think He will deign to take.

Surely 'tis thus we should bring our treasures,
Loving to give them for all His love;
Grieving we cannot on earth half thank Him,
Hoping to do so in Heaven above.

Nought in the price of the gifts we offer
Maketh them dear to our Saviour's heart;
Only if we, from a deep devotion,
Glory for Him with our best to part.

A Word to the Aged.

"Let thine eyes look right on."—PROVERBS iv. 25.

AGED pilgrim, nearing Home,
Words like these all whisper,
"Come;"
As thine outward man decays
With the length of "many days,"
Do not grieve o'er blessings gone;
Let thine eyes look on, right on.

Let not thoughts that fill thy mind
Linger round the "things behind;"
Lift them far away from time,
Upward to a brighter clime:
Let them look before thee, "straight,"
On to Heaven's golden gate;—

Then beyond the gate, and see
All that Christ hath done for thee,—
How for thee He entered in,
Having paid the debt of sin.
Fix thy gaze upon Him now,
See the crown upon His brow!

Hark! the courts with triumph ring:
Listen, as the angels sing,—
"Christ hath conquered, thou art free—
Saved, for all eternity!
Aged pilgrim, hither come,
Jesus bids thee welcome home!"

"Only."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—MATTHEW XXV. 40.

NLY a word for the Master,
Lovingly, quietly said;
Only a word!
Yet the Master heard;
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,
Sorrowful, gentle, and deep;
Only a look!
Yet the strong man shook;
And he went alone to weep!

Only one cry from the sinner,
Bitterly earnest, and wild:—
"Help, Lord! I die!"
Rose in agony;
And the Saviour saved His child.

"ONLY."

Only some act of devotion,
Willingly, joyfully done;
"Surely 'twas nought"
(So the proud world thought);
But yet souls for Christ were won!

Only an hour with the children,
Pleasantly, cheerfully given;
Still seed was sown
In that hour alone,
Which would bring forth fruit for Heaven!

"Only"—but Jesus is looking
Constantly, tenderly down
To earth, and sees
Those who strive to please;
And their love He loves to crown.

"Hear, and Your Soul Shall Live."

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Revelation iii. 20.

Behold, I stand before thine heart,
And knock with love enduring;
O sinner! rise, undo the door,
Thus perfect peace securing.

I may not stand much longer here;
Rise quickly, lest I leave thee:
When thou wilt mourn with bitter grief
That thou wouldst not receive Me.

When morning dawned, I stood without,
And knocked with patience tender,
Imploring thee to let Me in
To be thy soul's defender.

But no; thou bad'st Me turn away:
Life's sun was scarcely rising;
Thou couldst not think about Me then,
All earthly joys despising.

Again I knocked: day then was high;
But yet thou wouldst not hear Me:
The world had failed, and thou wert sad;
But still I might not cheer thee.

Now eve is here, and yet I stand
Still knocking at thy portal;
Ah! what if night descend on thee,
Oh, hapless, Christless mortal!

If thou wilt not undo the door,
No force its bars shall sever;
I yet may knock at other hearts,
But thine I leave for ever.

And thou shalt stand, a lonely soul,
Outside the Golden City,
And knock for mercy; but, alas!
There none will give thee pity.

Alone.

EARTHLY lights are fading fast,
Daylight dies once more,
Brightness lingers round the past;
But that past is o'er.
Oh! my heart is aching, Lord,
In the dark to-night:
Wilt Thou say one tender word,
Just to set me right?

"Doubting child, so weak and weary,
Things just now, I know, are dreary:
Look beyond, then, in thy sorrow;
There is yet a bright to-morrow!"

Lord, I do; yet only see
Empty shades draw nigh;
Friends are gone, who cared for me
In the days gone by.
All alone I feel to-night;
Everything seems wrong:
Quicken, Lord, my feeble sight,
Make my faith more strong!

"Lonely one, thy lot I'm sharing;
All thy sorrow I am bearing:
Look again; there still remaineth
Glory that to Heaven pertaineth!"

Dearest Lord, these tear-dimmed eyes
  Just can see one ray—
One faint glow in eastern skies:
  Does that tell of day?
Will my friends be mine again
  When the night is o'er?
Need my heart recall in vain
  All the joys of yore?

"Child, for thee a day is dawning,
Brighter than life's brightest morning;
Farewells then no hearts need sever;
Friends of Mine will meet for ever!"

Members of Christ.

We died with Christ; we suffered in
His person—
Our one great, loving, living, glorious
Head;
When He expired, then all His members
likewise
Were at that moment also counted dead.

Justice acknowledged this with eager glad-
ness;
And Mercy loves that all the world
should know
That we shall have no further condemna-
tion,
Who died with Jesus centuries ago.

He liveth now; do we accept our honour,
And live with Him a new and risen life,
Above the turmoil of the voices round us,
A loving people, in the midst of strife?

Lord Jesus, take us, keep us very near
Thee,
That all the world may know that we
are Thine;
May risen glory lustre all our actions,
And in our daily words and conduct
shine!

A Sabbath Morning Hymn.

We rest; for the "Lord's holy Day" is
commencing;
Its hours we will give to our God:
O Father, we thank Thee for this sweet re-
minder
Of Home, upon life's upward road!
We bring Thee our hearts full of praise, for
Thy goodness
In crowning last week with Thy love;
Each day, as it came, was encircled with
blessing
Sent straight from Thy palace above.
With joy we unite in one happy thanksgiving,
And blend all our voices in praise:
O Father, accept, through our gracious
Redeemer,
The tribute of thanks that we raise!
And Father, forgive, for the sake of our
Saviour,
The sins of the week that is past;
And oh! may the one upon which we have
entered
Be more wholly Thine than the last.
We ask, too, O Lord, that when life shall
be over
We all may be called to Thy rest,
That Sabbath of peace which for ever re-
maineth
To those who in Jesus are blest!

OF A POOR BACKSLIDER ON SEEING HIS BIBLE.

No chance of Heaven for me ;
My only hope is gone !
I never more can be
A happy, holy one ;
And death will but increase
The torment I endure.
—O Peace, most blessed Peace,
So sinless and so pure,
Come, come !—But no ; my cry
Is raised to Thee in vain :—
No hope for such as I,
No end to all this pain !
If I were dead !—But then,
The lost ones only know
This misery again
In deeper depths of woe.

I tried my God to please ;
To rise from out the mire,
To cast off selfish ease,
To crush each wrong desire ;—
And then I *sinned*, and cast
My righteousness away.—
Now, all the blackened past
Stands out in clear array ;

All that I ever did,
Before I tried to turn ;—
Why can it not be hid ?
The sight my brain will burn !

Hush ! What was that I heard ?
Was it my mother's voice
Which spoke that gentle word
Amid this hideous noise ?
Ah, no, it could not be ;
For she has long been gone :
She gave this Book to me,—
To me, her wayward son—
This Book—this poor old Book.
I used it certain days,
When Satan I forsook
To seek for better ways ;
But that is over now.
Yet still mayhap I'll see
What God, with frowning brow,
Doth say to men like me.
—Ah ! what is this I read ?
(Oh heart ! keep very quiet ;
This seems to suit my need
Amid the fearful riot :—)
"Come unto Me,
All ye that labour, and are heavy laden ;
And I will give you
Rest !"

To *Christ,* that "*Me*" must mean ;
And He will give *His* rest !
Oh ! what a fool I've been
To think *my own* the best !
I tried it every way,
But found it all untrue :
I could not even pray ;
I knew not what to do.
—Now, Lord ! as I may go,
All guilty and undone,
To Thee who lovest so
Thy weak and weary one,
I will not wait to think ;
For strength is failing me,
I stand on ruin's brink—
But spring straight off to Thee !

"Come!"

Sinner.

WILT Thou love me, blessed Jesus,
Love me as I stand;
In my filthy, wretched garments,
Canst Thou take my hand?
I am poor, Lord, and an outcast;
Wilt Thou stoop to me?
I am sinful, oh, so sinful!
Dare I come to Thee?

Saviour.

Ah! My child, thou little knowest
How My heart was sore
That thou didst not, in thy sorrow,
Come to Me before.
Thou art poor, and very wretched;
All thy guilt I know:
But I now am standing, waiting
All My love to show.

Sinner.

Others, Lord, scarce deign to see me,
For I am so vile;
Couldst Thou ever, dearest Saviour,
Look on me and smile?
Oh! my heart would bound within me,
If I really knew
Thou wouldst never quite despise me
As the "righteous" do!

SAVIOUR.

Poor, poor child! thy sins and sorrows
  Oft have grieved Me sore;
But thy pitiful condition
  Made Me love thee more.
Come to Me, and I will give thee
  Such a peace within
That thou mayest know I love thee,
  —Love *thee*, not thy sin.

SINNER.

Lord, I come:—and wilt Thou clothe me
  As Thy child should be?
Wilt Thou change me, make me holy,
  Daily more like Thee?
Wilt Thou keep me from temptation,
  Keep me from all sin?
For without Thee I am powerless
  Purity to win.

SAVIOUR.

Child, I will; keep ever near Me,
  That thy life may be
One of hourly consecration:
  Lose thyself in Me;
Till at last, made meet for glory,
  Thou shalt take thy stand
Clothed in white, beside thy Saviour,
  In the better land.

Rejoicing in Heaven.

THERE is joy in the courts of the angels
of light ;
For a sinner to Jesus has come,
Trusting fully to Him, to His love and His
might,
To be borne in His arms safely home.

Ah ! that sinner had wandered and gone so
astray,
That the tempter had ruled him at will ;
But a loving heart sought him when far,
far away,
And the strong found a stronger One still !

One look from the Lord, and the sinner was
won !
Then the tempter might lure him in vain ;
Love had broken the heart of the hardened
one down,
And had made him a child once again.

So the angels are hymning a chorus of song ;
There is joy in the house of the Lord !
For Jesus hath rescued the weak from the
strong,
And the captive to freedom restored !

"Dead with Christ."

—Romans vi. 8.

"Dead with Christ;" ay, think of it, believers;
Ye, the poor, guilty ones, condemned of yore,
Died the death God's holy law demanded;
Justice was satisfied, and asked no more.

Needs no more; you died when Jesus suffered;
Yes, so entirely are you one with Him.
Did He die, the Head? Then all the members
Must of necessity have died with Him.

Wondrous thought! But listen yet still further:
So soon as vengeance had withdrawn the sword,
Peace was made, and you, in Jesus' person,
Thenceforth became, with Him, "alive to God."

Swift with you He passed into the Heavens,
Bearing you faultless to His Father's throne;
God received you all as pardoned children,
Opened His yearning heart, and loved His own.

Loves you now, though oftentimes you stumble,
Clad in the garment of corruption here.
Oh, the joy to cast that off for ever!
Perfectly holy you will then appear.

Walk by faith, still "looking unto Jesus."
"No condemnation!" He has made you free.
No more death! With Him you reign for ever:
When will the glory of His kingdom be?

Soon, ay, soon; but meanwhile work for Jesus,
Do what you can the happy news to spread!
Tell the Church to watch with eager watching;
Soon shall she now behold her glorious Head.

Safely Home.

I AM home in Heaven, dear ones,
Oh, so happy, and so bright!
There is perfect joy and beauty
In this everlasting light.

All the pain and grief are over,
Every restless tossing passed;
I am now at peace for ever,
Safely home in Heaven at last!

Did you wonder I so calmly
Trod the valley of the shade?
Ah, but Jesu's love illumined
Every dark and fearful glade.

And He came Himself to meet me
In that way so hard to tread;
And, when He was close beside me,
Could I have one doubt or dread?

Then you must not grieve so sorely;
For I love you dearly still:
Try to look beyond earth's shadows,
Pray to trust our Father's will.

There is work still waiting for you;
So you must not idly stand;
Do it now, while life remaineth;
You shall rest in Jesu's land.

When that work is all completed
He will gently call you Home;
Oh, the rapture of that meeting!
Oh, the joy to see you come!

Whither?

YES, the years are swiftly passing,
One by one they glide away:
Where, oh! where is each one leading
Us—the pilgrims of to-day?
Have we all the full assurance,
That, whenever life may end,
We shall then go Home to Jesus,
Our Redeemer, King, and Friend?

Are we looking for His country,
Are we seeking one to come?
Do our lives declare this plainly,
Do they show we're going Home?
Are we now but pilgrims truly,
Not desiring treasures here,
Lest their weight should stay our progress
To that brighter, holier sphere?

There our dearest friends are gathered;
Oh, how hard the way they went!
Now they know each step was ordered,
Every pain in wisdom sent:
And though rough the road to glory—
Though the pathway led right on
Through a fiery trial of suffering,
Over all Heaven's sunlight shone.

And we ourselves are journeying :—
Ay, before this year is o'er,
It may be those who love us best
Will love us here no more.
Oh ! then, may our faith grow firmer
In the glories still to come ;
And, when angel voices call us,
May we one by one go home !

The Message of Spring.

"WINTER has vanished," every sunbeam saith :
"Gone for the present from this land of ours."
Soft winds are blowing, with their gentle breath
Waking to life again the trees and flowers.

Rousing all Nature from a long, long sleep,
Chanting a requiem over days gone by ;
Telling, in accents calmly low, and deep,
"Summer is coming, it is nigh,—is nigh !"

Streamlets are sparkling in their winsome mirth,
Songsters are sending forth a joyous strain;
Dew-drops are glistening on the sober earth,
All things are rising unto life again.

Christians! look upward from the brightness here,
Think of a better resurrection still;
Jesus is coming, He will soon appear,
Making the mightiest obey His will.

Yes, at His bidding we shall all arise,
Lustred with glory in our Saviour's light,
Paling the grandeur of earth's brightest skies,
Chasing the shadows from time's darkest night!

Hasten, O Lord, that resurrection hour!
Hide not Thine advent from Faith's watching eye:
Send forth Thine heralds to proclaim with power—
"Jesus is coming, He is nigh,—is nigh!"

A Morning Prayer.

FATHER, throughout this day
Help me, Thy wayward child,
To tread the right,
Though rough and narrow way!
Help me on Thee to rest;
And though the road be wild,
And dim the light,
To feel that road is best.

Saviour, with me abide!
Nor turn in grief away,
If, weak and worn,
I stumble at Thy side.
Forgive me, if I fall
In slippery paths to-day!
O stay, from morn
Till night, and bear with all!

And yet One more I ask:
To compass all my road,
O Light of Life,
Illumine every task;
Infuse a holy calm,
Blest Spirit of my God!
O quell the strife
Of tongues, and save from harm!

May I thus guarded be
To-day, nay, evermore;
Till, life-work passed,
I reach the "narrow sea:"
Jesus, oh! then uphold
Thy child, till safe ashore;
Then, o'er me cast
Thy robe of love untold!

"The End of All Things is at Hand."

—1 Peter iv. 7.

"THE end of all things is at hand!"
Yes, all things
Merely belonging to this dying earth
Ere long shall vanish; all the pomp and splendour,
Man's many follies, and his empty mirth.

"The end of all things is at hand!" This message
Carries no terror in its tone to those
Whose inmost longing is for something purer
Than that which only from earth's fountain flows.

"THE END OF ALL THINGS IS AT HAND."

"The end of all things:"—then the end of sickness,
The end of sorrow, and the end of sin;
All things of sadness shall for Christ's own people
End when the glories of His reign begin!

No parting word need ever then be spoken,
The intercourse of friends shall perfect be:
The end of time will usher in the blessings,
The endless pleasures of eternity!

Then grant, Lord Jesus, to Thy people patience,
And grace to love the things that will not die,
That when the night is spent and daylight dawneth,
They and their treasures may be safe on high!

"Risen with Christ."

"Risen with Christ," released from condemnation,
Borne in His everlasting arms of love
Straight from the dreadful grave of sin's corruption,
Up to the holy courts of God above.

Made one in Christ by such a perfect union,
Nought can dismember us from Him, our Head;
He is our life, and we in Christ abiding,
Can never more be numbered with the dead.

Then let us rise wherever He would have us,—
Over the region of tormenting care,
Up to our royal home where He, now reigning,
Loves that our spirits should to Him repair.

Until the time when He, in power returning,
Shall body, soul, and spirit all unite;
Then farewell care, one glad farewell for ever,
For Christ is ours, our Lord, our Life, our Light.

The Cry and the Answer.

STILL night! cold, cheerless, dark;
When will the Dayspring come?
O Sun, when wilt Thou rise
To scatter clouds and gloom?

Jesus, I feel so cold,
I cannot, dare not say
I love Thee; love seems gone,
Oh, when will it be day?

Thou knowest all things, Lord;
Thou knowest that I long
To break forth into strains
Of grateful, joyous song.

Yet I continue dumb,
My lips refuse to sound;
My soul is cold and dead;
My heart no rest has found.

When wilt Thou come, O Christ?
I know that Thou art good;
But oh! I cannot love
Nor follow as I should.

. . . . . .

Poor child! My heart now yearns
To fold thee to My breast,
To whisper words of love,
To bid thee be at rest.

I wait, that thou may'st find
Me "lovely" and "the chief
Among ten thousand;" then
I'll come and give relief.

Thou didst not know My worth,
Thou couldst not feel Me dear;
In love then I withdrew,
But yet I linger near.

Still trust, doubt not My care;
Still call, though none reply;
I hear thee, and am touched
By each beseeching cry.

So touched, I must ere long
Reveal Myself to thee,
When thou with chastened joy
Wilt closely cling to Me.

The Master's Call.

"Jesus saith unto her, Mary!"—John xx. 16.

HAPPY Mary! to be so rewarded
With such a revelation of thy Lord;
What rapture must have thrilled thine inmost spirit,
When Jesus uttered that familiar word!

And happy wast thou to respond directly,
With all the fulness of thy loving heart,
"Rabboni" (Master): yes, thy love and service
Could never even for a moment part.

But chiefly happy, when that Master showed thee
How He believed that quickly spoken word,
And bade thee work for Him at once, by telling
The glorious tidings of a risen Lord.

O Jesu! though we have not yet the honour
Of hearing Thee thus call us by our name,
Still may we feel that Thou art close beside us;
And may our zeal for service be the same!

Blest Master! often are our spirits longing
To see Thee *really*, and to hear Thy voice;
To feel that we are with Thee, *safe for ever*:
Wilt Thou not soon, O Lord, our hearts rejoice?

Oh come, Lord Jesus! to Thy people quickly;
Earth's night has very long and dreary grown;
Now let the morning break, and in Thy glory
Appear in person, and reclaim Thine own!

A Voice from the Farther Shore.

In Memory of that Devoted Servant of Christ,
F. R. H.

Friends on earth, whom still I cherish;
Friends to whom my words were dear,
Who are wondering why the Master
Should thus early call me here;

Ah! I could not, might not, utter
All the meaning of His ways,
Nor reveal what He hath taught me
Since I reached this Land of Praise.

But I may remind you, loved ones,
I am ever with "*my King*;"
I can gaze upon His beauty,
And can hear the angels sing.

I myself have joined their anthems,
Telling forth His wondrous love;
And have praised Him, too, for bringing
Me thus joyously above.

And I also love to thank Him
That on earth, when I was there,
I was made a chosen vessel
All His goodness to declare.

Yes, 'tis sweet to know I served Him;
Passing sweet, that words of mine
Have brought many, who were straying,
To this Land of Love Divine.

And my joy will be completed
When you all shall reach this shore,
Where no sad farewells are spoken,
And life's mysteries are o'er.

Lights in the World.

How often are we dark and useless Christians,
Not sending forth a single ray to guide
Another on the road from earth to Heaven,
Not even though we journey side by side!

Why is it that we do not show more clearly,
By word and deed, the doctrine we profess?
If Christ had ever said, "Conceal your colours;"
We could not, sometimes, well expose them less.

Christians! we shine by keeping close to Jesus,
By living in the sunshine of His love;
For then we cannot but reflect His brightness,
Whilst passing onward to our Home above.

True lights are needed: there are many wanderers,
Who once seemed very near the "narrow way;"
And weary ones, who yearn to hear of Heaven:
Oh, may they, Lord, by something we shall say!

O blessed Jesus! make us shine more brightly:
Gild deed, and thought, and word, with light from Thee;
That all our life may be a calm reflection
Of Thine own Self, which those around may see.

So clearly may the image of Thy glory
In every action, great or small, be shown,
That men may not behold *us* in the doing,
But simply praise the Light—yea, *Thee* alone!

Here! There!

HERE how the shadows of darkness are thrown,
Clouding a landscape that once was so fair,
Hiding the brightness that love would have shown:
Christians, rejoice, all is sunshine up there!

Here we are foreigners, sad and oppressed,
Bearing the burden of sorrow and care,
Wanting the Home where we never need rest:
What a relief! none are weary up there!

Here how the "trail of the serpent" remains, [despair,
Making our hearts well-nigh sink in
Feeling the foulness, and seeing the stains :
Still we can think, all are holy up there.

Here we are oftentimes lonely at heart :
Loved ones, who gladly our sorrows would share,
Gently are told they must surely depart :
Friends we shall meet, yes, for ever up there.

Here we have worries that come with each day,
Misunderstanding is ours, too, to bear ;
Though there are pleasures, they soon pass away : [there.
Joys without end are reserved for us

. . . . . .

Here there is mercy and pardon for all,
Even the vilest need never despair ;
Jesus has died, and now freely doth call
Sinners, poor sinners, to meet Him up there.

Here they must close with His offers of grace,
Roll upon Him all their sin and their care,
Ask Him in Heaven to grant them a place ;
Then what a welcome will greet them up there !

Healing by Faith.

"When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils: and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses."—MATTHEW viii. 16, 17.

HE healed them all—the blind, the lame, the palsied,
The sick in body, and the weak in mind;
Whoever came, no matter how afflicted,
Was sure a sovereign remedy to find.

His word gave health, His touch restored the vigour
To every weary, pain-exhausted frame;
And all He asked, before He gave the blessing,
Was *simple faith in Him* from those who came.

And is our Lord, the kind, the good, the tender,
Less loving now than in those days of old?
Or is it that our faith is growing feeble,
And Christian energy is waxing cold?

Why do we not, with equal expectation,
Now bring our sick ones to the Lord in prayer,
Right through the throng of unbelieving scruples,
Up to His very side, and leave them there?

He never health refused in bygone ages,
Nor feared to take the "chastisement" away:
Then why not ask it now, instead of praying
For "patience to endure from day to day?"

Yes, ask it for *ourselves,* if we need healing;
Pleading those instances of olden cure:
But if He then refuse, we still will trust Him,
And He will make it happier to endure.

Ay, happier to bear with Him the suffering,
Or even death itself, with Him close by:
For in His presence there is joy for ever,
And with Him near "it is not death to die."

To Christian Workers.

CHRISTIAN worker! pause and listen;
Christ is seeking thee to-day;
Cease thy labours for one moment;
Solemn words He hath to say.

He is standing close beside thee;
And behold His face is sad
As He gazeth on thy service,
Which methought would make Him glad.

Such unwearied self-devotion;
Such untiring, earnest zeal;
Such rich eloquence and pathos,
Burning words, that wound to heal!

Still the Lord is sadly gazing:—
Hark! He now doth question thee—
Listen well, His tones are gentle,—
"Dost thou work *from love to Me?*"

Ah! how often, fellow-Christians,
Do we need this question still!
Are we now, from pure affection,
Working out our Saviour's will?

If our secret spring of action
Were exposed to mortal view,
Would it bear examination?
Could it be pronounced *quite true?*

Does not conscience sometimes tell us
That the motive power is wrong
Of what *seems* our fairest action,
Of what *sounds* our sweetest song?

Jesus, Saviour, oh, forgive us!
As with shame we this confess,
May our love to Thee grow stronger;
May our own self-love grow less!

Oh, reveal Thyself so plainly,
That our one desire shall be
Just to let ourselves be "nothing"—
Lost, in love of pleasing Thee!

"More."

We humbly, O Lord, kneel in prayer at Thy footstool,
And thirst for a shower of refreshing from Thee;
Our hearts are so hard, they are cold and unfruitful;
Pour down a rich blessing—life-giving, [and free!

More gifts we implore, blessed Saviour, oh, grant them!
More strength for those duties that have to be done;
More faith to rely on the help Thou hast promised;
More hope to look forward to *victory won.*

More love for the souls of the people around us;
More patience to bear any cold-hearted frown;
More wisdom to say the right word in its season;
More power to look upward, if made to lie down.

More smiles for the children enjoying life's sunshine;
More sympathy, too, with our friends in its shade;
More thought for them all, whether aged or youthful;
More likeness to Thee in the world Thou hast made.

More peace 'mid the turmoil of voices around us;
More eager desire for Thine advent, O Lord;
More light to discover the signs of Thy coming;
More pleasure in reading the truths of Thy Word.

These are not one-half of our wants, dearest Master!
We each have some special desire to implore;
We know, Holy Saviour, how much Thou hast given,
And therefore we venture to ask Thee for *"more."*

Floating Away.

FLOATING away—on the cruel, cold ocean:
Drift-wood—caught by the tide,
Borne on each crest,—
Will it ever find rest?
It *may*, on the *other side*.

Floating away! it has well-nigh vanished
Out on the open sea;
Tossed to and fro,—
Must it ever thus go?
Oh, *where* will its haven be?

Floating away—each word, as we breathe it,
Passes beyond our ken
Into the air,—
But who knoweth where
And when we may meet it again?

Floating away, sinner, faster and farther
Out on Destruction's sea;
Soon thou must land
On a pitiless strand,
If Christ do not rescue thee.

Floating away, happy ransomed spirit,
Far from this earthly shore:
Christian, at last
All thy trials are past;
No sorrow can reach thee more!

A Question for To-day—

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?

LORD, what wilt Thou have me to do?
Wilt Thou give me
A special command? I am waiting
Thy will:
I dare not go forward until Thou hast spoken;
Oh, speak, blessed Master, and I will be still!

My child, I would first bid thee *pray*:—
Ask My blessing
On this, a new day; that each moment may be
A treasure entrusted, a talent invested,
A tribute of love in thy service for Me.

And next, I exhort thee to *work*:—Oh! be earnest;
For souls have been lost for the want of a word:
Then rouse thee, My child, be whole-hearted and active
In doing the will of thy Master and Lord.

And lastly, take heed that thou *watch* for
Me hourly ;
For soon in My glory I now may appear ;
And thou must be ready, whenever the
summons
Shall call thee away from thy work for
Me here.

O Saviour ! forgive me, if once more I
venture
To ask, Is there nothing still more I can
do ?
Thou knowest my weakness ; but grace is
sufficient,
And Thou, blessed Jesus ! wilt carry me
through.

Ah yes, dearest child, there are things I
might tell thee :
But *wait* till they come ; they are all in
My care.
I love thee, and promise to constantly help
thee,
And take thee at last all My glory to
share.

The Dying Day.

HUSH! another day is dying;
It will soon be here no more:
What of us will be recorded,
When its latest hour is o'er?

Did we rise to gather manna
Ere the burning heat of noon?
Did we pray that Christ's appearing
Might rejoice His people soon?

If we sought the calm refreshment
Of a morning hour with God,
Did we also speak with Jesus
On the toilsome mid-day road?

Did we tell to Him each trouble?
Did we cast on Him our care?
Were we bright, and calm, and happy,
As we felt His presence there?

Did we often ask Him meekly
What we really ought to do?
What "the next thing" we should suffer,
Do, or bear, the whole day through?

If we, then, were made to "tarry
By the stuff," from morn till night,
Did we stay there quite contented,
Feeling sure that all was right?

Will the day, so swiftly passing,
Bear these tidings to our King?
Will the triumphs of Christ's people
Make the walls of Heaven ring?

"I Send You Forth."

SAVIOUR! must I tread
That fearful way
Which looks so dark and wild?
May I not stay
Until some other day?
Go now, My child!

What! Master; in that storm,—
And I so weak!
Perhaps I could not stand,
Nor even speak,
When I Thine aid would seek.
I'll give My Hand.

I send thee for thy good:
For thou art frail,
And hast to grow in strength,
Lest those prevail
Who would thy soul assail
And seize at length.

So now, My child, go forth :—
But, all the way,
I will with thee abide :
And every day
I'll be thy strength and stay,
To guard and guide ;

Till, all life's journey past,
And rough work o'er,
A victor thou shalt rest
Upon that shore
Where storms shall be no more,
Nor foes molest.

Dear Saviour ! all is well :
I will not stay
One moment longer here ;
But, day by day,
Oh, give me grace to pray
And persevere.

Peace.

UR life is one long journey, and the road
Is sometimes rough and rugged : but our God
Who loveth us, His children, knows the way,
And He will gently lead us day by day.

When foes are all around us ; when they press
Upon our weary spirits ; doubts, distress,
Trying to stay our progress ; then, how sweet
Just to believe our God doth "keep our feet."

We meet with certain milestones on our way,
That help to cheer us onward ; for they say—
"Our God hath kept you so far, year by year:
Then, will you dread the future ? will you fear ?"

How can we, when He holds us by the hand,
And promises to lead us to His land ?
Then let us simply trust Him, nor allow
One single shade of doubt to vex us now.

Future Glory.

"UNTO him that overcometh."—
How this cheers us on our way
Through the many trying worries
Of a dreary, toilsome day!
One by one, as they assail us,
And would oft our peace molest,
Let us think of honours waiting
In our Home of perfect rest.

For our Royal King is reigning;
He is watching from on high,
And the angels, at His bidding,
To our constant succour fly:
There is one to whisper "patience;"
And another tells of "love;"
Whilst a third just sets us thinking
Of the joys reserved above.

So we meet our daily trials
With a courage not our own;
And shall owe our highest honours
To our King, and Him alone.
And though hard the fight, and weary,
Still it won't continue long:
We shall soon have changed the sighing
For the victor's joyous song!

"Kept."

H, what rest the thought would give
If we realised it more, [us,
That our Lord is strong to bring us
Safe to Canaan's happy shore!
He would have us trusting children,
Kept in perfect peace and love,
Thinking hourly of the glory
That awaits His Church above!

Day by day, as we are working
"'Mid the tumult and the din,"
Let us think that we are guarded
From our foes, without, within,—
Kept from evil that would harm us,
Kept from falling quite away,
Kept from fainting in the conflict,
Kept from Satan's power to slay;

Kept through faith unto salvation;
Kept by Jesu's might alone:
Let us cheer each other onward
By the thought of *victory won;*
Let us pray, and watch more closely
For our Captain, to appear
And take up His waiting people
To a brighter, holier sphere.

"The Earth is the Lord's."

—Psalm xxiv. 1.

The world is replete with "our Father;"
We see Him wherever we rove;
The hills, keeping watch o'er the hamlets,
Just whisper the care of His love.

The moss, in its simple perfection;
The lichens that creep on the wall;
The flowers, in their exquisite beauty,
Suggest the Great Author of all.

They speak of His wonderful working,
Of patience that nothing can tire;
Each leaf in its perfect completeness
Must man with emotion inspire.

We look from the delicate daisy
To the pure azure depths of the sky;
And feel an invisible Presence,
The hush of a majesty nigh.

The glittering glimpses of sunlight
That glance through the leaves of the wood,
Bedecking the turf with their brightness,
Re-echo the thought—"God is good:"

Whilst all the rich hues of the sunset
Are foretastes of glory to come,—
Are earnests of far higher splendour
Surrounding our Heavenly Home.

And then, as the shadows grow deeper,
When darkness encircles the whole,
The stars, one by one, whisper comfort
And faith to the troubled in soul.

Yes, the world tells aloud to the Christian
Of Fatherly kindness and care:—
O Lord, help Thy children to praise Thee;
And show forth Thy love everywhere!

"Fear Not."

THE pathway is dark that the Christian is treading:
His faith can discern but a glimmer of light;
Grim doubts cling around him, which cause him to waver,
And wonder in weakness if *all will be right.*

"If all *will* be right." Ah, believer in Jesus,
That is not a question for thee or for me:
All *is* right,—is now; every step thou art treading
Is known and appointed beforehand for thee.

Thy way is the Lord's: for His wisdom hath planned it;
And though it is dark, there is glory in store;
The cross of thy Saviour but casts a deep shadow
As far as the threshold of Heaven's own door.

It vanishes then, in the joy and the beauty,
The sunshine and peace, of the ransomed above:
Walk now in its shade; it will lead thee to Jesus,
Who watcheth to welcome the child of [His love.

God Knows Best.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

HELP us hourly, blessed Jesus,
Simply to rely on Thee;
Just to take whate'er Thou givest
Gladly and confidingly.

For if now the present seemeth
All confused to mortal eye,
In the wonderful "hereafter"
We shall know the reason why.

Why some things that we have prayed for
Have not yet to us been given;
Why some prayers remain unanswered
In the register of Heaven.

It may be, O tender Saviour!
Thou with loving heart dost know
That the issue of the answer
Would not work our good below.

So Thou hearest each petition;
Yet dost keep some longed-for prize,
Waiting to unfold the *wherefore,*
Till we meet in yonder skies.

Oh, then, help us, holy Jesus,
To rejoice, whate'er is given;
Feeling sure that we shall praise Thee
In the perfect light of Heaven.

"Come Unto Me."

JESUS is waiting to welcome the weary,
Worn with the world's fruitless strivings for peace,
Tired with a night-watch that knoweth no morning,
Sick with a heart-ache that earth cannot ease.

Jesus is waiting: He standeth and knocketh,
Calling in love upon each one oppressed,—
"Come unto Me, sinner, weary and laden,
I will refresh you and give you My rest.

"Long have you striven to find it without Me;
Sought it in feelings emotional, vain;
These have all failed you; and still you are restless,
Seeking to purchase what nought can obtain.

"Will you not come? You need no preparation:
Delay not while thinking, but come as you are:
Bring nothing with you; for love giveth freely
Peace—perfect peace—that no trial can mar.

"Doubting and troubled one, can you not trust Me,
Able to save you from every ill;
Able to lead you through conflict to glory;
Able to say to life's storm—'Peace! be still!'

"Oh, I am yearning to see you unburdened;
Death did I suffer that you might be free:
Will you not come, and by life-consecration
Try to win others, and bring them to Me?"

Lost!

DYING, dying, dead!
Lay that form upon the bed;
To be borne, with measured tread,
To its goal.

Breathing forth a groan,
Unprotected and alone,
Into regions all unknown
Fled its soul.

Tremblingly it trod
Death's dark valley, up to God,
Having no supporting rod
For its stay.

Bitter, bitter woe!
Through the dark it had to go;
Not the faintest Eastern glow
Told of day.

Surely *He* was there
Who could quell that soul's despair;
Who would fain, with loving care,
Fears remove?

Awful, awful thought:—
That poor soul had never sought,
But had always set at nought,
Jesus' love.

Often Christ had knocked
At its door, so tightly locked;
But that soul had only mocked,
And replied,—

"I am busy; not to-day:"
So the Saviour turned away,
For He might no longer stay;
But He sighed,—

"Grace at length is past;
That poor soul must stand at last,
In its loneliness, aghast
At my Throne!"

Jesus, oh! may we,
Who have time the wrath to flee,
Find our rest and peace in Thee,
Thee alone!

At the Golden Gate.

Lo! a great multitude,
Standing at Heaven's gate,
Pleading to enter there;
Yet comes the Porter not—
Why—and the hour so late?
Does He not hear their prayer?

Listen: A voice is raised,
Clear on the cold night air,
Loud in a bitter cry,—
"Wilt Thou not let me in?
Oh, this is hard to bear:
Must I, oh, must I die?

"Surely my life on earth,
Blameless from first to last,
Gives me admission here.
Why is the gate still closed?
Tell me, is mercy passed?
Speak, though I dread to hear."

A breathless pause: and then, from out the city,
Rolled forth a strangely mournful, solemn tone:—
"I may not come; I hear thee, and I pity;
But nothing further can for thee be done.

"No life of thine, however pure and stainless,
Could make thee fit to pass the Golden Gate.
Thy plea is nought; 'tis useless waiting longer:
Thou mightst have entered; it is now too late!"

Knocking again is heard:
One more is asking now,
Loudly, to be let in:—
"Many good works I did,
Kept every holy vow,
Passed by the ways of sin:

"Open! my right is plain;
Nothing can be gainsaid!
No one dare say me nay!
Still comes the Porter not!
Why are His steps delayed?
Must I, too, turn away?"

Again is heard, mysterious in its music,
That voice so sadly mournful in its tone,—
"Poor foolish soul—thy righteous deeds were evil:
Christ's works were good, and *only His* [*alone.*

"Thyself came first in all thine undertakings;
Self was the motive of thy deeds so fair:
Thou must pass on; the Golden Gate of Heaven
Cannot be opened to admit thee there."

Hearken! once more a knock:
Some one is speaking low;
Listen; the words are clear:—
"Father, admit Thy child!
Weak and despised below,
Jesu's love brought me here.

"Brought me through woes of earth
Strong in His glorious power.
Conquering death for me,
Now He has called me home:
O this triumphant hour!
Saviour, I come to Thee."

At once there breaks a sound of joyous rapture,
A song of welcome from the saints within:—
"One more redeemed,—redeemed through Jesu's merit;
Open the Golden Gate, and take him in!"

Gone Before.

LONG ago a gentle message
Summoned dear ones of our home
To depart and be with Jesus;
And they answered, "Lord, we come."

Long ago we closed those eyelids,
Long ago we kissed their brow;
But the time is swiftly passing,
And we soon shall see them now.

Lord, we thank Thee: Thou art keeping
All our treasures safe with Thee;
Free from sin, and pain, and sorrow,
Oh, how happy they must be!

Oh, the joy of being with them,
Gathered there in one bright Home!
May the summons find us watching
When we, too, are called to come!

May not one of all our household
Fail to reach that Home above,
There to know in full perfection
All the height and depth of love!

Peace! Be Still!

LORD, when Thy people seem shipwrecked and sinking,
And Satan's dark waves are obeying his will,
Then straightway appear on the face of the waters,
And, strong in Thy majesty, bid them "be still!"

And when in our hearts gloomy passions are raging,
When spirits of darkness are forcing their sway,
Come! come in Thy mercy, and lovingly utter
Thy message of peace, and chase evil away.

Dear Lord, when we sometimes are anxiously troubled
Concerning the way Thou wouldst have us to go,
Then make us believe Thou art guiding us rightly,
By wonderful paths, through a land Thou dost know.

And if we are bidden to enter that valley
Most solemn and dread, in the depths of its shade,
Oh, stay with us there ! and in heart-cheering accents
Speak peace to our souls, that they be not dismayed.

But, Lord, if instead, Thou dost come in Thy glory,
And we are caught up unto Thee in the air,
May peace still be ours, as with joyful assurance
We join Thee, our Saviour, who waitest us there.

A Few Short Years.

A FEW short years for showing love to Jesus,
For doing, day by day, His holy will;
For working actively, if He should wish it;—
For resting, if He bids us, calm and still.

A few short years! Ah yes, we have not many
In which to manifest denying zeal;
But yet enough to prove to all around us,
By words and actions, what we truly feel.

Shall they be wasted—spent in selfish folly,
In doing nothing for our gracious Lord;
Not even offering a cup of water,
Nor speaking lovingly a passing word?

A few short years,—how soon they will be over;
How soon our earthly life will cease to be,
And we shall stand, our one probation over,
Upon the threshold of Eternity!

What will our feelings be, if we have never
Done *aught* for Christ upon this transient shore?
Or if we have been helped to do *a little,*
How often we shall wish it had been *more!*

The Child of God's Reply.

"Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business."
—Luke ii. 49.

Ask me not, my friends, to toy with trifles,
To gaily mingle in the giddy throng;
For I must be about my Father's business:
It may not be intrusted to me long.

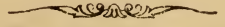
That work is plain; my Father's poor are lying,
In helpless misery, beneath the foe:—
His message to me is—"Go, loose their fetters;
Tell them of Jesus, Heaven's glory show."

I dare not lightly leave His work neglected;
Life is too short, Eternity too real;
I may not, cannot, pass the hours in folly,
Nor force the laughter that I do not feel.

Yet, Lord, perchance, that even 'mid those triflers
Thou hast some precious souls to gather in:
If so, then give me grace to bear Thy message;
O grant me wisdom those lost sheep to win!

Still may I go, in no self-righteous spirit,
Puffed up that I am not as others are,
Lest I should hinder, by my cold demeanour,
The glorious Gospel, and its beauty mar.

Lord, do Thou lead me; show me what Thou willest;
Help me to go, or stay, as best may be;
Make me to live more closely to Thy glory;
To study not myself, but simply *Thee*.



All-Sufficient Grace.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Corinthians xii. 9.

I feel so fearful, Saviour ;
I cannot see my way :
The future all lies hidden,
And darkness shrouds the day.
I know not what may happen ;
I almost dread to take
Another step before me :
Oh, help, for Thy dear sake !

My child, I know thy sorrows ;
I understand thee quite,
And realise most fully
Thy longing for the light :
Thy way, I know, seems hidden ;
But lean thine arm on Me :
My grace is all sufficient
To keep and strengthen Thee.

I daily hold the balance
Of trial in My hand,—
And, should I send thee trouble,
Will give thee strength to stand.
Then trust, and leave the future,
With all things else, to Me :
Walk calmly forward, fear not ;
My love shall shelter thee !

"Only Just Tell."

—Matthew xiv. 12.

Bearing thy burdens alone, My child!
Sending away thy Friend!
Dost thou not think I can help thee, child?
Cannot I succour lend?

Only just tell Me thy greatest grief;
Whisper thy hidden care:
Even the telling will bring relief,
Giving thee less to bear.

Trust Me: I never will thee betray,
Bad though thy case may be;
Only just tell, if thou canst not pray,
Leaving thy prayers * to Me.

Lift up thine arms unto Me, poor child!
Burdens and all I'll take;
Throw thyself fully upon Me, child,
Knowing I'll not forsake.

* Hebrews vii. 25.

Flowers.

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"—MATTHEW vi. 30.

BEAUTIFUL flowers, on the brow of earth resting,
Many sweet words ye are telling to-day;
Comforting thoughts are your beauties revealing,
Whispered to those who will hear what ye say.

Tokens ye are, from "the King in His beauty;"
Gems, from the wealth of His Heavenly land,
Given to Earth; as a pledge of affection,
Placed on her brow by His own loving hand.

Thence to proclaim to the hearts who will listen,
Messages sweet of His infinite care;
Bidding them know, that if ye are so cherished,
Much more shall mortals His tenderness share.

Beautiful flowers! when your petals must gently
Fall on Earth's bosom in silent decay,
Still in your death ye will preach to the Christian
Life in that land where nought fadeth away.

The Christian's Heritage.

"Peace I leave with you."

PEACE was left to thee, O Christian,
By thy Saviour, Christ the Lord,
In a deed that nought could cancel,
Signed and sealed with His own blood.

Ah, then, why that ruffled spirit?
Why that anxious, care-worn brow?
Why those doubts about the future?
Why not take thy portion now?

It is waiting for thee, Christian;
Why not claim it as thy right?
Why thus linger in Earth's darkness?
Why not enter Heaven's light?

Mount with eagle's wings o'er sorrow;
Leave the fogs and mist behind:
Trust thyself in Jesu's keeping;
Stay on Him thy troubled mind:

For the peace is, oh! so perfect,
In the soul that knows no care,
Which the loving heart of Jesus
May not fully, freely share.

"All Your Need."

"Lacked ye any thing? And they said, '*Nothing.*'"

THIS question, put in days gone by,
May yet be asked once more,
In tones of earnest, tender love,
When working days are o'er—

When Christ shall call His chosen ones
To meet around His board,
And they, with joy unspeakable,
Are gazing on their Lord.

They once again may hear these words,
Recalling to their mind
The distant past, of earthly life
Remaining far behind :—

"My children, when I sent you forth
On earth to work for Me,
To daily bear the cross, and shame,
And serve Me loyally,

"Was there one thing (reviewing now
The issue of the strife,
The lights and shades that perfected
The whole of each one's life)—

"Was there a pain in all that life
That never need have been?
One thing that you would alter now,
Since you the end have seen?

"One trial I might have kept from you?
One gift I might have given?
Whilst now you view the things of earth
From these pure heights of Heaven.

"Were all not made to work for good,
Because you loved your Lord?
Did ye lack even *one* good thing?
All answer in accord."

Then they with clear glad voice repeat
The "*Nothing,*" as of yore;
Cast down their crowns at Jesu's feet,
And all His love adore.

Joy.

UR cup runneth over, our life is so bright,
So brimming with mercy and love,
It seems just a spring-time of sunshine and light,
Blest foretastes of better above.

God's peace is within, and illumines our way,—
That peace which the world cannot give ;
And Jesus our Saviour grows dearer each day,
More precious each hour that we live.

Some loved ones have left us ; but this is so sweet
To know, that when life shall be o'er
We all in the glory of Heaven shall meet,
And dwell on the shadowless shore.

If ever our cup should with sorrow o'erflow,
Life's sweetness be turned into gall,
Love's hand will then sweeten the bitter, we know ;
And this will make up for it all.

So daily we trust, and are happy and bright,
And shadows won't rest on our road ;
For Christ is our Sun, and our Dayspring, and Light,
Our Saviour, our King, and our God.

Changed into the Same Image.

2 Corinthians iii. 18. See also Romans viii. 28-39.

Far off in a distant quarry
Lay a block of marble rare ;
Rough-hewn, and by man unnoticed
It had lain for ages there.

But the Master came, and straightway
He knew its intrinsic worth :
"This marble," He murmured gently,
"Shall witness for Me on earth."

Then, day after day, unheeded
(For none understood His skill)
He worked on that shapeless marble
The plan of His wondrous will.

With instrument keen and varied,
He sculptured it, hour by hour ;
Till slowly its pure white lustre
Began to attest His power.

It grew into human likeness—
A man, in his best estate ;
Then all, as they saw it, marvelled,
And owned that the work *was great.*

But time passed on, and the Sculptor
Continued His work so fair :
Then men saw, with speechless wonder,
The Master's *own image* there !

And liker it grew, and liker,
As stroke after stroke was given ;
Till Earth whispered, grave and awe-struck,
"*Made meet for the Courts of Heaven.*"

The Wandering Son.

MOTHER, your lad is a wayward lad,
Headstrong and hard to guide ;
Ay, many a time he has made you sad
With his wicked ways, and companions bad,
And sins that he fain would hide :
(*Mother.*)—"Yet I love him still."

Mother, suppose that your boy should grow
Yet more depraved and wild ;
That each of his deeds brought you deeper woe,
And a darker dread lest the world should know ;
How then would you treat your child ?
(*Mother.*)—"I would love him still."

Mother, yet think ! if a worse thing came,
Harder than all beside,
So that men should shrink from your own son's name,
And the very children should murmur "Shame"
On the deed that was crimson dyed ?
(*Mother.*)—"I must love him still."

Mother, you told him, long years ago,
Jesus loved everyone :—
But your boy was innocent then, you know,
And you never knew there were haunts so low
As those which now tempt your son.
(*Mother.*)—"Yet Christ loves him still."

Jesus is loving my wretched son
Better than I can love :
Though He knows the depth of each dark deed done,
Still His heart is touched for my erring one—
My boy whom no tears can move ;
And He loves him still.

. . . . . .

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

Saviour ! I own I'm a wandering child,
Far, far away from home ;
An outcast, unholy, untaught, and wild ;
But longing at last to be reconciled :—
Wilt Thou allow me to come,
And love me still ?

And the Saviour replied, in His tenderest tone,
"Nothing can make Me forget Mine own :
Come ! for I love thee still."

Restoration.

"Then I restored that which I took not away."—PSALM lxix. 4.

CHRISTIAN, I give thee all again,—
All thou didst lose of yore;
What Satan took long years ago
I freely now restore.

Another *Home* I give to thee,
A Paradise of bliss;
An Eden, perfect and secure,—
Christian, I give thee this.

I give thee, too, an endless *life;*
No sorrow shall be cast
Around the brightness of that Home
By death's dark wing at last.

These things I keep *reserved* for thee
Till earth has passed away:
Yet other joys, that Adam lost,
I offer thee *to-day.*

My righteousness doth clothe thee now
In robes of fairest white—
So pure, thou need'st not hide away,
Nor shrink from Heaven's light.

My peace I give thee,—peace through all
The agonies of life ;
A calm enduring sense of *rest,*
Through outward storm and strife.

I give thee *joy,* a present joy ;
The sense of sins forgiven,
To light the cold grey path of life
With sunshine straight from Heaven.

I give My *love :* I give My *life*
That I might all restore :
Wilt thou, My child, now give *thyself*
To Me, for evermore ?

Hereafter.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—JOHN xiii. 7.

FRIENDS, on that day when our Lord unfoldeth
Wonderful things in the Better Land,
How we shall wish that we had not questioned
One of the works of our Master's Hand!

Then we shall know that those sombre touches,
Needless and strange to the eye of man,
Were but the strokes of the Great Designer
Perfecting part of His Heavenly plan.

How we shall praise Him for love unceasing,
Love that no murmurs from us could tire:
Surely He knew we should understand it
When He should call us to "come up higher."

Christians, then let us leave all that happens
Calmly to Him who doth work aright;
Waiting to see, in the grand "hereafter,"
Things that were hidden in earth's dim light.

Whispers from Heaven.

FATHER, mother, are you weeping,
Are you grieving day by day,
For your tender little loved one
Whom the Shepherd bore away?

Ah! you would not mourn one moment,
Could you see me as I am,
Pure and bright, and singing praises
As I stand before the Lamb.

I can never cease to thank Him
For my few short days on earth;
For without them I had never
Known this higher, holier birth.

Only think, that now your darling
Is a spirit, free from sin,
In the Kingdom of "our Father,"
Where no foe can enter in.

I shall often ask our Saviour
Just to let me fly to you,
And to whisper, whisper gently
(As I know some angels do)

Of this better Heavenly country,
Where no sorrow comes nor pain,
Where the joys are everlasting,
And the sweetest flowers remain.

Then when Jesus calls you also,
And you come to join our band,
I will be the first to meet you
In this happy, happy land.

The Sunlight.

It gently brought to a darkened world
The tidings of coming day;
And wakened earth with a loving call
To straightway arise and pray.

It tenderly entered where death had been,
And shone on the marble brow;
Softly reminding each mourner's heart
Of "the crown of glory now."

It paused awhile in the forest glade,
To strengthen a lowly flower;
And bade it show, in its own quiet way,
God's care through its little hour.

And thence it passed to a widow's home,
To illumine with gems of gold
The sacred words of a promised rest,
It found in her Bible old.

It lingered long by a dying babe,
Who smiled at its golden ray,
And the mother gave with lighter heart
Her child to the Lord that day.

It made its way to a gloomy cell,
Right on to the prison floor,
And sang of life in a brighter world
Where fetters shall be no more.

Ah! who can tell all the sunlight did
Through that glorious summer day,
Or how the earth became cold and dark
When the last streak died away.

But let us ask, do we also shine
With glory from Christ, our Sun?
Will aught we do in the world for Him
Be missed when life is done?

"He is Precious."

BLESSED Jesus, I have felt Thee
Very close to me to-night;
And my soul is full of sunshine
From the glory of the light.

I have known Thee long, and loved Thee,
But to-night the past is o'er,
For Thou now art far more precious
Than Thou ever wert before.

Oh! so precious, that I almost
Feel afraid to say one word,
Lest by speaking I should wander
From the presence of my Lord.

Let it not be so, my Saviour;
May I ever with Thee stay
When this hour of sweet communion
Shall itself have passed away.

O my precious, precious Saviour!
I do want to please Thee more
In my daily words and actions
Than I've ever done before!

Now I give myself up wholly
To be Thine, and only Thine;
May the lustre of Thy likeness
In my whole demeanour shine.

I believe that Thou wilt keep me,
Through Thy grace and power alone;
Take me, take me, dearest Saviour,
For I now am "not mine own!"

Though the writer of this knows full well that *feelings alone* can never be a *resting-place* for the soul, being at the best transitory, and thus unsatisfactory, still, she believes that blessed seasons of deep realisation of Divine love, are sometimes granted as a "help on" in the Christian road; and that, therefore, possibly the above may speak the language of some heart, who has been allowed to have a foretaste of the blessedness of Heaven; even a close view by faith of the Lord Jesus Himself.

"Now!"—"Then!"

"For *now* we see through a glass, darkly; but *then* face to face."—1 Corinthians xiii. 12.

H! what mingled thoughts will gather,
As we hear these words to-day;
Thoughts of sorrow, or of gladness:
"Wait awhile," they seem to say.

Now, you see but very dimly
Glimpses of the joy to come;
Then, ah! what will be the rapture,
As you gaze upon your Home!

Now, you oftentimes feel lonely;
Friends you love are far away:
Then, you know that you will meet them,
And shall always with them stay.

Now, your sins and failings grieve you,
Send you to a Throne of Grace;
Then, before the Throne of Glory
You will chant your hymn of praise.

Now, you yet may have to suffer
Nights and days of throbbing pain:
Then, all sickness will be over;
You shall never moan again.

Now, you sometimes feel that Jesus
Has withdrawn Himself awhile:
Then, you always will be gladdened
With the sunshine of His smile.

Now, the last look must be taken
At your loved ones "put to sleep;"*
Then, your longing eyes shall see them
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Thus, these little words remind us,
Christian friends, of good in store:
Now, the discipline of sorrow;
Then, the joy for evermore.

* The expression "to sleep in Jesus" really means to be "put to sleep by Jesus," just as a mother tenderly lulls her child to rest.

"Looking for That Blessed Hope."

YES, these words shall be our watchword
through our future sojourn here;
For we know with glad assurance
that our Lord is drawing near:
Ay, so near we feel His advent, that the
sunset often seems
To repeat the happy tidings by the glory
of its beams!

So we pause awhile to listen, 'midst the
noise of earthly things,
For the sounding of His chariot, and the
rush of angel-wings;
And though still our Saviour tarries, yet
the voices of each day
All proclaim, in clearest accents, that "*He
is not far away.*"

Hark! the heralds on the mountains now
repeat that welcome word,
And exhort the whole creation to expect
her absent Lord.
"Oh, ye sleepers! rise, and quickly cast
away the deeds of night;
Oh, ye watchers! watch more closely for
the everlasting Light!"

How these words diffuse a brightness over
everything below,
Forming rifts amid the shadows, to admit
the Eastern glow;
Cheering hearts once almost broken with
a steady, glorious ray;
Oh, the blessed peace of knowing *that*
Christ is not far away!

Thus expecting His appearing, deeply
anxious may we be
To be ready any moment our returning
Lord to see;
Holy Spirit, rouse the sleepers with Thy
tender voice of love,
That our dear ones *all* may gather in the
Father's house above.

Grant that *all* of us may labour in our own
appointed sphere,
Looking daily, hourly, always, for our
Saviour to appear!
Blessed Jesus! when Thy presence shall
with glory fill the air,
May we then arise to meet Thee, and with
gladness join Thee there!

"This from Thee!"

"And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter."—LUKE xxii. 61.

How much was in that look, so grave, so tender,
So full of sorrow in its voiceless plea;
"O Peter, Peter!" sadly it is saying,
"The wound is deep, that thou hast pierced in Me.
How couldst thou do it? Did I leave thee, Peter,
When thou wert sinking in the stormy sea?
Have I not chosen thee, and told thee all things?
And yet this strong denial! *This from thee!*"

Perchance such words as these, those sad eyes uttered,
Whilst silent tears their weary lids o'erswept:
One sigh was breathed—Then Peter, fallen Peter,
Went out, and when he thought thereon, he wept.
And are we ready with our condemnation,
Our righteous indignation and our blame?
Nay, rather let us breathe a prayer for mercy,
And tremble lest we, too, had done the same.

For even now we prove ourselves unfaithful,
And fear to stand up by our Lord alone:
Preferring rather to deny our Master,
Than let our sympathy with Him be shown.
And yet His loving Hand was always ready,
Whenever we were tossed on trouble's sea:
Then do *we* not deserve that look from Jesus?
Suggesting in its sorrow, "*This from thee!*"

Have We?

HAVE we been ashamed of Jesus,
Sought to keep His banner furled;
We, who own the name of "Christian"
'Mid the people of the world?

Have we tacitly denied Him
By a look, a deed, a word;
Though we felt that we were traitors
To a faithful, holy Lord?

If we really loved our Saviour,
We should love to work for Him,
Caring not though feet grew weary,
Hands were weak, and eyes waxed dim.

We should sometimes speak for Jesus;
Sometimes tell of His dear love,
How He died instead of sinners,
That we all might reign above.

Have we said this word for Jesus
In the past of bygone years?
Have we made some hearts grow lighter,
That before were full of fears?

All may not be highly gifted;
But we each our *best* might bring
To the feet of our Redeemer,
Who deserves to be our King.

Then, dear Lord, if proof is wanting
That we now abide in Thee,
Oh, unite us with Thee quickly,
That we yet may live for Thee.

Make us love to do Thy bidding;
Make Thy service our desire;
Warm our cold and earth-chilled nature
With the glow of Heaven's fire!

Present Grace for Present Need.

"I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."—PSALM xxxiv. 4.

"FROM all my fears!" O Saviour, well
Thou knowest
How faithless and cast down I oft
have been,— [striving
Not with *real* troubles, but with simply
To draw aside the veil from things unseen.

When days were dark, and clouds o'erhung the future,
I sought to picture what Thou hadst concealed:
Lord, this I did, with many drear forebodings
About life's mystery still unrevealed.

I thought I saw a host of coming evils,
And I myself brought face to face with all;
No sunny hours, but stormy, cold, and wretched;
And at their close, Death's sad funereal pall.

I looked and feared; yet time went on, and brought me
No grand fulfilment of my faithless dreams;
The host dispersed; the sunlight came, and scattered
Each chilling shadow by its glowing beams.

But, better still, Thou camest, too, my Saviour!
And when Thou gavest aught to me to bear,
Its weight was Thine: I did not feel its burden;
For Thou didst carry far the larger share.

Thus am I learning just to leave the future,
And what for me it possibly may bring,
In Thine own Hands: my work is in the present,
And Thy grace is enough for everything.

Jesus is Coming.

JESUS is coming! Repeat the glad tidings;
Tell the redeemed that their Saviour draws nigh;
Soon shall they see Him in majesty reigning;
Soon shall His glory illumine the sky.

Why then should Christians be gloomy and wretched,
Dreading some trouble that Time's hand may bring?
Jesus is coming! perchance ere to-morrow
Earth shall have seen in His beauty her King.

Where is our faith, if we grope on in darkness,
Not looking up for the signs of the dawn?
Watchers proclaim there is light on the mountains;
Let us then eagerly wait for the morn!

Surely, to those who are constantly watching,
Jesus Himself draweth tenderly nigh,
Whispering words of the sweetest assurance,
Showing His glory to Faith's loving eye.

The Waiting Saviour.

"Jesus stood still, and said, What wilt thou?"—Mark x. 49, 51.

Ah, many things, my Saviour, I am needing:
And art Thou standing all my wants to hear?
Then help me now to tell Thee fully, freely,
Whilst still I know that Thou art waiting near.

I'm wanting, oh, so much! that close communion
Which Thou dost hold with special friends of Thine;
That constant interchange of thought and feeling:
O Jesus, may that happiness be mine!

I'm wanting also to be more consistent;
More self-denying, gentle, kind, and true;
To show more fully, by my whole demeanour,
What weakness, strong in perfect strength, can do.

And oh! I need that childlike trustful spirit
Which leaves the future to a Father's love,
Enjoys the present with its many mercies,
And yet looks higher—to the joys above.

But most of all, I'm wanting *Thee*, my Saviour!
Abide with me, whilst here on earth I stay;
Be with me, when I reach the drear "dark mountains;"
And bear me safely to the Land of Day.

Constraining Love.

WHEN earthly praise is being heaped
Around some great deed done,
What verdict gives a higher world
Than this our lesser one?

What say that white-robed angel-throng
Who kneel before their King?
Do they record the deed with joy,
And louder praises sing?

"The act will live," we mortals say,
"Till time exists no more."—
Ah, so it may; but what, when time
Itself is past and o'er?

Let angels answer,—"Be the deed
In man's sight great or small,
It matters not; God's standard knows
No earthly weight at all.

"Your deeds are judged by truer tests
Than man can understand;
For God Himself the balance holds
In His unerring Hand."

What then gives value to our deeds?
What turns them into gold?
Even the precious, precious Name
Of Jesus Christ of old.

If only God, in all we do,
In every act and word,
Can see that all is done from love
To Jesus Christ our Lord;

He owns the action then as *good :*
Whilst ransomed spirits sing,
"Christ's love, producing love again,
Makes great the smallest thing."

We are Waiting.

WE are waiting on the threshold
Of our resurrection day,
Till we hear the voice of Jesus
Bidding shadows flee away.

We are waiting, through Earth's winter,
For the spring-time to appear,
For the long-expected summons
To begin our glad New Year !

We are waiting, in the garments
Which through winter we have worn ;—
Oh, what joy to wear our white robes
On the resurrection morn !

We are waiting, dear Lord Jesus,
To begin our life with Thee :
Oh, have pity on Thy people ;
Let them soon Thy glory see !

"Keep That Which is Committed to Thy Trust."

—1 Timothy vi. 20.

MBASSADOR of Christ! thy Royal Master
Has trusted thee with tidings rich and free:
What happiness those tidings to deliver!
What special honour has been laid on thee!

Be faithful to thy charge, proclaim the message;
Be diligent thy Master's will to show;
In simple language tell the "old, old story,"
That guilty man a Saviour's love may know.

Go forth in Jesus' strength; be single hearted,
Devoted to thy dear and blessed Lord;
Be earnest in thine high and holy calling;
Unfold the wonders of Jehovah's Word.

And if at times His precious gift seems wasted,
Recall the promise that thou knowest well,—
"My Word shall not return unto Me fruitless;"
Eternity's true light its work shall tell!

Ambassador of Christ! peace, peace be with thee;
The blessing of thy King be thine to-day,—
Nay, evermore; wherever thou art summoned,
May sunshine from on high illume thy way!

And when that way is passed, and Christ hath crowned thee
With everlasting life and joy above,
How many will be there, who, through thy teaching,
First rightly learned to know a Saviour's love!

Will You Watch?

"Could ye not watch with Me *one* hour?"—MATTHEW xxvi. 40.

GETHSEMANE.

ONE little hour, to watch with Me in suffering!
Friends, will you do it? I am sore distressed:
Well do I know that hearts and eyes are heavy;
Fain would I leave you to your needed rest;
But I foresee that in the coming future
When I am gone, and troubles round you lower,
Your loving hearts will long lament the weakness
That would not let you watch with Me *one hour!*

"With Me one hour"—we seem to hear re-echoed,
O'er dark Gethsemane, to these our days;
Lord, should it find some faithful spirits watching,
To Thee, and only Thee, be all the praise!

Wake those who sleep, Lord Jesus, in Thy mercy;
Oh, make them realise that time is short!
Lest, through the endless ages of Thy glory,
They live to mourn they watched not as they ought.

Eternity.

That hour, all hours, have fled away for ever.
No need for watching now, for grief is o'er;
Mansions of light are joyous with the rapture
Of saints, redeemed from sorrow's tearful shore!
Oh, how their gratitude to Jesus rises,
That He enabled them to watch with Him;
Cheered them with words, when hearts and eyes were heavy,
When faith was wavering, and sight was dim.

"Always White."

"Let thy garments be always white."—Eccles. ix. 8.

Always white; dear Lord, Thou knowest
How we often long to be
Daily growing fairer, purer,
Holy, spotless, like to Thee.

But alas! Thou also knowest
How our robes get rent and spoiled;
How they lose all trace of whiteness
By earth's dark pollutions soiled.

Holy Saviour! wash us hourly;
Sanctify us, day by day;
Sorely we have need of cleansing,
Purge each stain of sin away;

Till at last we join the number
Of the white-robed angel band,
Made, through Thine all-perfect merits,
Perfect in a perfect land.

Waiting.

"Like unto men that wait for their Lord."—LUKE xii. 36.

RE we like unto men who are waiting?
Do we long for our Saviour to come?
Are we ready to rise any moment?
Are we daily preparing for Home?

That Home where the joys are unsullied;
Where the friendships will never grow cold;
Where the voices that long have been silent
Shall be heard in the sweet tones of old:

Where the bright eyes that gazed on us fondly
Shall again speak their message of love;
And the dear ones will hasten to meet us,
As we enter the mansions above:

Where no flower that we cherish shall wither;
Where the beautiful knows no decay;
Where the life is perpetual sunshine,
With no storm-cloud to darken its day.

Are we daily preparing to go there?
Are we ever expecting that word
Which will call us away from things earthly,
To be ever with Jesus our Lord?

Called—Chosen—Faithful.

CHRISTIAN, the bugle of warfare is sounding,
Calling thee forth to assist in the strife ;
Bidding thee bravely stand up for thy Captain,
Leaving behind thee the follies of life.

"Chosen and called :" what unspeakable honour !
Called to come out from the ranks of the world ;
Chosen for Jesus, His soldier and servant :—
See ! even now is His banner unfurled.

Thou must uphold it ; be faithful, and "fear not :"
Looking to Him for support in the fight !
He will defend thee, 'mid hourly temptation,
Keeping thee safely, and guiding thee right.

Triple the foes thou wilt have to encounter ;
Hard will they struggle to lead thee astray ;
Nothing must make thee relinquish thy colours,
Always look forward to *winning the day.*

Conquer thou wilt, for thy Captain is mighty :
Only keep near Him, and trust in His love ;
Tell Him thy dangers, and He will protect thee,
Till thou art called to His kingdom above.

Jesus has triumphed for thee over Satan :
Only a little remains to be done ;
Then He will bid thee, His "chosen and faithful,"
Welcome to glory, to victory won !

He Maketh Me to Lie Down.

He maketh; yes, He sees us on the mountains
Toil-worn and weary, sadly needing rest,
And yet determined to be pressing onward,
To gain the summit of some distant crest;—

Too much intent to listen to His teaching;
Too eager to be gladdened by His smile;
Too worried often to hold close communion;
And then He bids us rest a little while.

And we rebel; we do not wish to tarry;
It is so hard to feel we must lie down
Just at the moment when our hopes are highest,
And glory waiting our success to crown.

Dear Christian friend, perchance some trying illness
Has caused thy busy steps in life to cease,
And placed thee now beside the silent waters
—The waters of affliction, but of peace.

And though the pain is sometimes so distressing
Thou canst not praise, and scarce hast power to pray,
Still thou art patient, and the loving Shepherd
Speaks words of tenderness in His own way.

And when the pain has passed, He then reminds thee [and well,
Of many hours, when thou wert strong
In which thou scarcely hadst one moment's leisure [tell.
To tell Him everything thou hadst to
And so He took thee from the hum of voices;
And will most tenderly thy soul restore,
Until thou art refreshed, and duly strengthened [fore:
To walk more watchfully than hereto-
Or else to tread, with faith renewed, made firmer,
The valley that grows bright when He is near; [needed,
And thence to enter, where no rest is
Upon the duties of a nobler sphere.

Watchwords for the Year.

"I am His." "He is able."

"I AM His;" "He is able." These words are as sunlight
Flashed on to the close of this opening year; [support me,
With His love to enfold, and His arm to
I enter it now with no feeling of fear.

"I am His;" then His service alone shall
engage me:
To do or to suffer, to work or to rest,
He alone must decide; so I quietly leave it,
And know He will order what seemeth
Him best.

"He is able" to keep me, in cloud or in
sunshine;
Whatever the storm, He is able to save;
I am His, He is mine, and His strength
gives me courage
All trials to meet, and all dangers to
brave.

"I am His." How this thought sheds a
joy o'er the prospect
That soon, very soon, He will surely
appear!
Perchance it may be that our Saviour doth
purpose
To make *this*, for Christians, their *gladdest*
New Year.

"I am His;" "He is able." O Lord, may
these watchwords [take:
Illumine each step of the way that I
May they whisper of peace through life's
wonderful changes,
And help me to live, or to die, for Thy
sake!

"Only a Little Longer."

ONLY a little longer; then the shadows will flee away,
And Creation rest in the calm delight of her Resurrection day;
Only a little longer; then the clouds in the East will break
With a rapture of sunlight gloriously, and sleeping saints will wake.

Only a little longer; for the Saviour must soon appear:
Oh, joy to think He may even come before the next New Year!
Only a little longer; then the sorrows of earth will cease,
And the advent of Christ bring in again a universal peace.

Only a little longer; then His glory will fill the air,
And the sound of a glad hosanna ring, as Christians meet Him there:
Only a little longer; yes, we know we can trust His word;
So we daily hope for the welcome voice of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Take No Thought for the Morrow.

—Matthew vi. 34.

Our life is planned, our pathway traced,
Our future all decreed ;
Our duty, just to follow on
Wherever God doth lead.

We cannot see, we may not know,
The issues of an hour ;
We simply have to take each step,
Upheld by Jesu's power.

What folly, then, to vex our mind
With *doubts about the road !*
Why cannot we just leave it all
In confidence with God ?

Why not rejoice if now there shines
The sun upon our way ?
Why think of storms that may arise
On some far distant day ?

TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.

Not all our thought, not all our care,
  Will alter the decree,
If God, in love, has seen it best
  That stormy days shall be.

But this we know,—that He will prove
  A refuge, and a tower,
A "very present help," a shield
  In trouble's darkest hour.

And, after all, we cannot tell
  That we shall thus be tried:
But if we are, then God will keep
  Us closely to His side.

So let us cast our care on Him,
  And be ourselves at rest,
Assured, in darkness or in light,
  That all that *is*, is best.

"Old Memories."

OLD memories! O ye take us back
Through distant scenes to-night,
Those scenes in which our childish feet
Once lingered with delight.

Ye lead us to the dear old home,
Where happy days were passed,
Where loving hearts protected us
From every hurtful blast.

Ye conjure up the cheerful room;
The Sabbath evening calm;
Us children gathered round to sing
The grand "Old hundredth" psalm.

The forms we love, we see them all;
Our father, in his place,
Our mother, resting on his arm,
With bright, yet peaceful face.

And at her side, one hand in hers,
A boy with thoughtful brow,
With earnest eyes, and sunny hair—
Our angel-brother now.

We hear it swell, that grand old tune,
Those measured solemn chords,
The call to earth's inhabiters
To own themselves the Lord's.

But now there comes a mist between,
That makes our sight grow dim ;
And we can no more see the home,
Nor hear the Sabbath hymn.

Old memories ! ye have well-nigh made
Our saddened spirits fail :
But we have faith's prerogative,
To look within the veil

Into a brighter sunnier Home
Than even that of ours ;
Where Death's cold hand will never more
Require the fairest flowers.

And we can see those dear ones now
Already gathered there,
And almost view the golden crowns,
The spotless robes they wear.

And they are singing, singing praise
To Him who died for men :
Its music seems the dear old tune
Re-set to words again.

But we are here, so far away !
And yet we think to-night,
Our faces sometimes feel the glow
Of everlasting light ;

Whilst faith repeats, in happy tone,
"A few more years shall come,
Then we, with all Christ's ransomed ones,
Shall meet within that Home !"

The Book of the Old Year.

WITH tender, yet with trembling hand
We clasp the volume still;
This book of God's good providence,
The working of His will.

What messages it brought to some
Of love, and light, and song!
Each page was full of happiness,
And never seemed too long.

To others, ah! it told of pain,
Of weary nights and days;
They found it difficult to read,
And harder still to praise.

And yet, methinks, if they had tried,
They might, in every line,
Have traced the purpose of the work,
And owned that work *Divine*.

Ay, *some* to whom those pages told
The same sad tale of pain
Still found the truth through all was
"Love,"
And thought the language plain!

And though they read with tear-dimmed
eyes,
They *praised* at every word;
And what they could not understand,
They trusted to their Lord.

But now the book is nearly closed;
And angel-hands draw near,
To bear it hence to God's White Throne,
This precious passing year.

We give it up, with praise to Him,
The Author of all good,
The loving Father of each one,
Though oft misunderstood;

And pray for grace to read the next
In simple, child-like love,
Assured that what we know not here
Will be explained above.

A New Year's Prayer.

WITH Jesu's name upon our lips
We come, O God, to Thee,
And kneel in prayer before Thee now,
In deep humility.

For we have reached another year,
A year untried, unknown;
And what may happen to each one
Thou knowest, Lord, alone.

It may be that Thou hast in store
A cross for us to bear:
If so, then sanctify its weight,
That we life's crown may wear.

Or, Father, if Thou hast for us
A time of brighter things,
O may we never once forget
From Whom that brightness springs!

We ask Thy pardon, blessed Lord,
For all the mis-spent past;
And may the year commencing now
Be holier than the last.

May love to Christ our life-work move,
Our feeblest act inspire;
And daily as we journey on
May Thy grace lead us higher!

"We Will Trust!"

A motto for the year.

"WE will trust!" through this year
upon which we have entered,
Whose regions lie hidden, unknown,
and untrod;
"We will trust!" for we know that our
Saviour will bring us,
By wisdom unerring, right home to our
God.

"We will trust!" if the tempest of trouble
should gather,
And shadow our path with the blackness
of night;
Though we see not one rift in the storm-
cloud of sorrow,
We still will feel certain that all must be
right.

"We will trust!" should the loved ones we
cherish be taken,
And we should be bidden to journey
alone,
How hard it would seem! Yet we think
we could bear it,
Since Jesus Himself for our loss would
atone.

"WE WILL TRUST!"

"We will trust!" when we only just know
we feel nothing;
When rapture proves false, and devotion
has fled;
We will then lay our hand on some com-
forting promise,
And drive away doubt with the words—
"*He hath said.*"

"We will trust!" if our Father decrees
that with sickness
Our footsteps must falter, our work must
stand still;
If He makes us lie down, He will whisper
the comfort,
And teach us to praise what we know is
His will.

"We will trust!" through the year, amid
sunshine and shadow,
Our Father above will arrange for the
best;
And we know that the Comforter gently
will lead us,
Till shadows have fled, and we enter our
rest.

THE END.

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